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Mar-Martin.



I Knowe not why a frutelesse lye in Print;
May not aswell with modestie be touched
As truthlesse Prose, since neither hath his stint,
And others dooings cannot be auouched:

*Then if both Rime and Prose impugne the troth,
How lyke you him, lykes neyther of them both.*

Our Prelats (*Martin* sayth) want skill and reason,
Our Martinists *Mar-martine* tearmeth asses,
The one an other doth accuse of treason,
He passeth best that by the gallowes passes.

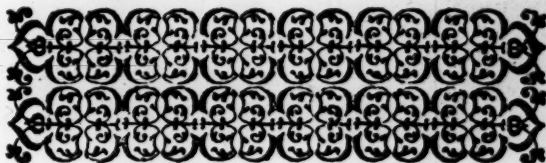
*Traitor, no Traitor, beeres such Traytrons strining,
That Romish Traytors now are set a thrining.*

Whilest *England* falles a making and marring,
Religion feares an vtter ouerthrowe,
Whilst we at home amongst our selues are iarring,
Those seedes takes roote, which forrayne seedmen sowe:

*If this be true, as true it is for certayne,
We woorth Martin Mar-Prelat, and Mar-Martin.*







M A R - M A R T I N .



Withson euen last at night,
 I dreaming saw a prettie sight,
 Three Houslers in a halter tyde,
 And one before who seemd their guide.
 This foremost lookt and lookt agayne,
 As if he had not all his trayne.
 With that I askt this gaying man

His name : my name (quoth he) is Lucyan,
 This is a Iesuire (quoth he)
 This Martin and Mar-Martin be,
 I seeke but now for Macheuell,
 And roundly then we goe to Hell.

Two Bookes vpon a Table lay,
 For which two yonkers went to play,
 They tript a Dye and thus did make,
 Who shew the most shoud both Bookes take.
 He that had Martin slaug the first,
 An asse it was, which was the worst.
 Mar-Martins master in the haste,
 Dopt then to hit a better cast,
 And yet as cunning as he was,
 He could not flyng aboue an asse.
 To geather by the eares they goe,
 Which of the asses got the throte,
 The first vpon his asse would stand,
 He wan it by the elder hand.
 Tuth quoth the second that no matter,

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MAR-MARTIN.

Whine was an aile though twere the latter,
And turning back, he spake to me,
Who all this while this spot did see,
It not a wonder, say of loue,
That none of vs should lyeing aboue :
No quoth If it were a wonder
If epther of you two had thoptime vnder.

What sons : what fathers : sons and fathers fighting :
Alas our welfare, and alas our health,
What motes, what beames, & both displayd in writing :
Alas the Church, alas the common wealth.
What at this time : what vnder such a Queene :
Alas that still our frute should be so greene.

What wanton Calues : what lost our former loue :
Alas our pride, alas our mutabilitie,
What Chist at oddes : what serpents ner adoue :
Alas our rage, alas our inhumilitie.
What bitter tangles, what lyes in stead of preaching,
Alas our heales, alas our neede of teaching.

Beare gracious Soueraigne, *Europ*s matchles mirror,
Beare noble Lords renowned counsell geuers,
Beare Cleargie men, for yours is all the error,
Beare common people, common light beleeuers.
Beare toynly one anothers weakenesse so,
That though we wither, yet the Church may growe.

If all be true that Lawyers say,
The second blotwe doth make the fray,
Mar-Mrtins fault can be no lesse
Then Martins was that brake the peace.
Martin, Mar-Martins, Barrowe and Browne,
All helpe to pull Religion downe.

FINIS.